

The President's Message.
Our readers were doubtless surprised, at the abundant evidence of prosperity exhibited in the long list of advertisements published with the *Extra* containing the President's Message. Congratulation would however, be misplaced. Not one of them was ours. They belonged to the *Courier*, from whose form, the head only being changed, extras were printed for some dozen papers beside our own.

Destitute and Orphan Children.

The Board of Overseers of the Poor at their last meeting, adopted a plan, which seems to us worthy of the attention of our citizens and of the community generally. They appointed a committee consisting of one member of the Board from each ward, whose duty it shall be to examine particularly into the condition of destitute children and to endeavor to procure homes for them. It is proposed that this committee open a correspondence with farmers and mechanics in the country, in reference to the employment of such children. It is well known that very often persons would be willing to afford happy homes for children, whom they would adopt as their own or receive as apprentices, and it is believed that, if it were known through this and the adjoining States that such a committee exists, many desirable situations could be obtained for children, who are now growing up without the blessings of home and who, unless kindly provided for, will become a burden to the community. The committee intend to record the names, ages &c., of children for whom homes are wanted, in a book, which will be placed in the County clerk or mayor's office, and open for the inspection of all interested in the subject. We have always regarded, with peculiar interest, any plan which aims to provide homes for destitute and orphan children. Homes are what they need. Asylums and large institutions are often instruments of immeasurable good, but, after all, nothing can take the place of a home. Children in public institutions are too commonly regarded as institution-children in society but not of it, but let them once enter the sacred circle and be allowed to enjoy the privileges and endearments of a home, however humble, and they regard themselves, and are regarded by others, as belonging to the community, genuine members of the great family.

We have before our minds two children, sisters, whose circumstances were of such a nature as to make their prospects dark indeed. Fatherless, and with a weak, intemperate mother, it seemed as if life must be to them a stern and gloomy one. But each was adopted by a lady with a mother's heart, who provided a home for her, and became a mother to her; and now it is for us to say who have been most blessed, mothers or children.

We have recently heard of another instance. A woman in our city lies low, with an incurable disease. A gentleman from a distant part of the State heard of her, and became acquainted with her. One of her children, a little boy, interested him deeply, and he offered to adopt him. The mother's heart swelled with joy unutterable, and now she is ready to depart in peace.

Blessings on those who give homes to the homeless, who become fathers to the fatherless. To them the Father of us all must always be peculiarly near, and his mansion above a peculiarly happy home.

Common Schools.

We find leading papers in Kentucky discussing this subject with some earnestness. Yet, in doing so, they speak plainly of the present state of things. The Frankfort Commonwealth says:

"The Commonwealth of Kentucky is a mockery."

To this, the Kentucky Gazette responds indignantly:

"Ay, and a most bitter one which terribly affects the welfare of the poor child of the State. But why? The Government of the State has squandered the funds solely set apart for the support of these schools, by appropriating a portion of it to defray the ordinary expenses of the State, and has borrowed the rest to invest in profitless public works. Upon this latter portion the State pays no interest, and the schools fail because there are no funds to sustain them."

By way of rejoinder the Commonwealth says: "This is hardly a fair statement of the school fund."

Yet it agrees with the Gazette—in language is—'we cordially agree'—in this, that the State has not dealt fairly by her poor children. According to its theory the poor child, not in the investment, but in the failure to adopt some efficient school system for their benefit.

What is the condition of this common school fund?

According to the Commonwealth it stands, at present, as follows:

Six bonds of the State of Kentucky bearing interest at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum, \$917,500 00
785 shares of stock of the Bank of Kentucky, 73,500 00

Balance of interest due on these bonds, including interest up to 1st Jan'y, 1847, 256,673 33

Cash on hand, 2,539 25

\$1,950,212 58

Now should this fund be applied?

No paper, no man can hesitate in answering this question. It is a solemn trust, and there exists neither the moral, nor legal right, to convert it to any other use, except that of universal education. "The State borrowed part of the fund, and invested the balance," says the Commonwealth. What right had it to do either? "It is in the shape of a debt due from the State," adds the same Journal. How came it to that "shape"? Trusts are specific. They state how, and for what end, a fund shall be used. The trust giving this large fund does this very thing. It declares that it shall be devoted to, and expended for, common school purposes in the State of Kentucky. And who is to do it? The Legislature of the State. But instead of doing this, instead of fulfilling the trust, it borrows part of the fund, and invests the balance! "All is safe," says one. No body questions that—Kentucky never will forfeit her word, or violate her public faith. They will pay to the last cent all she owes, and will pay it when due. But this is not the point. She has a school fund; a large and profitable one—she is the trustee of that fund; and she has neglected—refused—to apply it as it ought to be applied, not only in violation of her moral obligation, but to the manifest injury of the public interest.

The Frankfort Commonwealth says the fault is, not in the investment, but in the fact, that we have no efficient school system. What difference does this make? What excuse is it for the misapplication of the fund? If any thing, it only adds to the injury done. For had not the Legislature the power to establish this system? Was it not bound, in carrying out the trust to do so? Apply the rule suggested, or the excuse offered, to the common business of life. Let any private citizen be made trustee of a fund bestowed for specific purposes, instead of so applying it, let him borrow a part, and invest a part. Would a Chancellor listening to the apology which he might offer, say, "did not do so as I agreed to do, but the money is all safe. I am rich; I borrowed part of it, and I invested the balance?" Would the public regard, or call

him, a faithful trustee? We know full well that there will be difficulties, great difficulties, encountered, in establishing an effective common school system in Kentucky, owing to a variety of causes—to apathy of population in certain counties, prejudices among certain classes, &c., but these causes need not prevent the Legislature from maturing, and commencing a system, from manifesting the mind, the purpose, to do all an honest trustee could and should do. There cannot be two opinions on this subject. The school fund has been misapplied; a great wrong thereby has been done to the people of the State; and our Legislature in justice to them and itself should remedy it at once. Can a system of common schools be successfully established in Kentucky?

Why not? Men point to this difficulty and that, and shrug their shoulders, and answer with a desponding no. Shame upon this spirit! It is part of every freeman's birth-right to be educated. No State does its duty, and no people do themselves justice, where this is not demanded, and done. The common school fund is ample enough. The Commonwealth says, the interest upon it, annually, would amount to "over \$75,000, with which, if paid promptly, much real good might be done." If there should be no such word on this subject. No legislator ought to admit it for a moment. Supposing this interest paid, the fund we repeat is ample enough, with a right legislation, to make education universal in Kentucky. What, then, is wanted? A wise and effective system. And to establish this we must look around us, where Europe has done, know what our sister States are doing, in this great work. When Ohio began, or a short time after, she sent one of her ablest citizens, Rev. C. E. Howe, to Europe to examine the institutions of Prussia, &c., and his report was published by that State. A year or two since, HORACE MANN, the wisest and ablest defender of the common school system went abroad, to see what improvement he might witness, in order that he might help perfect the Massachusetts system, confessedly the best in the world. Our superintendent, and our legislators through him, should be well versed in the principles and details, the practical workings of the common schools of other States, and thus making such alterations as our circumstances require, be prepared to adopt the very best. As for difficulties we must expect them. They will come to us, as they have come to all, as a matter of course. But starting right we have only to be patient to ensure certain and entire success. Ohio had great trouble in certain sections of the State, in inducing her people to support her common schools; indeed, her earlier efforts proved seemingly a failure. She persevered, and what is the result? Says Gov. Bibb, in his late message—"the common school system is firmly established in the habits and affections of the people." And so will it be in Kentucky, if Kentucky does her duty. Let us begin right, and we shall end right.

But we protest earnestly and solemnly at the idea suggested by the Commonwealth, and too generally entertained, that the common school is a sort of "poor institution." "The State has not dealt justly by her poor children," says that excellent Journal, referring to the misuse of the education fund. The common school is destined to be the great institution of every well governed republic. The idea on which it rests is, that it shall be open to all, rich and poor, and that the children of all shall look to it for instruction. One noble feature of the system, is, that among its good results, it will, as it is perfected, bring together in boyhood days, children of all classes, and thus master the narrow prejudices and artificial distinctions, which vanity, and a miserable pride, alone create. Who thinks in Boston of sending his boy to any other than the public, the common school? The sons of the poorest laboring men, and of the wealthiest merchants, sit there, side by side, learn together, play together, and rise or fall as they do well or ill; it is the great city school. So should it be here, and so will it be, if our people, if our legislators, if the press, demand it from the first, as a common duty we owe the State, and a common right possessed by every citizen of the State. Away with all distinctions! Away with the idea that the common school is only the institution of the poor! Let us perfect it, and, always bear in mind, always act upon the idea, in the Legislature and out of it, that it is not what it should be, until it offers the very best opportunity to every child.

We trust the intelligent editors of the Commonwealth and the Gazette will, as they promise, keep this subject before the people, and press it earnestly until a successful beginning is made.

Cassius M. Clay.
"Mine host" of the Mansion House, Frankfort, gave a fine venison supper to some fifty or sixty gentlemen, and among other invited guests was C. M. Clay. Mr. FINKEZ of the Commonwealth proposed his health. This was drunk standing, with general applause, and hearty greeting. Mr. C. responded, briefly, acknowledging the courtesy and kindness of the company in elegant language, but declining to give his views as to Mexican affairs, or the war, on this occasion. He concluded by toasting the intelligence and hospitality of the citizens of Frankfort.

The Lexington Observer and Reporter of yesterday gives the following account of his reception in that city:

CAPT. C. M. CLAY'S ARRIVAL AND RECEPTION.
The firing of cannon at early dawn on Saturday morning last, in conjunction with printed advertisements freely circulated among our citizens, made known to them that this gentleman would certainly arrive at 2 o'clock, P. M., long preceding that time a large concourse of people, many in carriages, had gathered on foot, had assembled at the out-skirts of the city to greet his coming. Hundreds, if not thousands, anxiously awaited his approach. His long and arduous captivity in a hostile country, and during that captivity the magnanimity he exhibited towards his fellow-sufferers who had less advantages, and the fact that he was decorated in any of the glorious victories which having crowned our arms in Mexico, altogether had awakened and enlisted the warmest sympathies of his fellow-citizens.

Minute guns were fired as he entered the city. After reaching the principal street, Capt. Clay, in behalf of the military, welcomed him home in a brief, eloquent and tasteful address, to which Capt. Clay, in appropriate and feeling terms, responded. Rev. S. T. TOW, Esq., who presided at the meeting of the citizens, who resolved to give to Capt. Clay the compliment of a public reception, then took the stand and delivered the gallant Capt. Clay, who met a warm response from the multitude which surrounded him.

After Mr. Todd concluded, the procession moved on to the residence of Capt. Clay, where they took leave of him.

The reception, however, ended not here. The friends of Capt. Clay had prepared for illuminating the large lawn which fronts his residence, and upon his invitation, our citizens, through his house and premises after dark, were an elegant supper was prepared for them, and after a friendly and cordial interchange of feeling and sentiment, the great mass of people quietly dispersed.

Steam and Steam Ships.

Boston, New York, New Orleans, are to be connected with Europe by a regular line of Steamers! This is making rapid progress. From Germany, from France, from Great Britain, semi-monthly messages are brought to us through this mighty agent.

Of the New York line, consisting of four new vessels, the Europe, Canada, Niagara, and America, one was to sail Dec. 19, from Liverpool to America it was the Pioneer.

A Bitter Poet.
The author of the following little poem on the watch has never seen the object for which he has no much affection. Ceaseless night reigns around him, but it is a light.

"Of cloudless climes and starry skies,"
The wings of night are so black to him, that they have become lustre; and his eyes beauty where those who have eyes see only gloom. A beautiful hazy-eyed poet Night by our friend was published in the Harbinger, from which we give the following extract:

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Aught can possess that gloomy, for darkness like light is from heaven.
Wondrous indeed are thy works, kind messenger, comfort-bestowing,
I am thy child, O Night; thy fond hand weaves material,
Guided and guided me still, through life's path devious and lonely;
O'er these eyes thou spreadest the veil of thy shadowy wings,
Shading them kindly from objects that dazzle but do not enlighten.
Yet hast thou opened within, deep sources of bliss without measure,
Borrowed from the immensity of thought, ever active in sweet contemplation,
Filling with images pleasing, with lofty conceptions my spirit.
Melodies hover around me; for nature in tones ever varied,
Heard, comprehended alone by the soul when pondering in silence,
Chanteth that anthem of power, which lifted Handel, majestic, sublime; blithe Haydn and sombre Beethoven.
These are thy gifts, O Night, sweet solace of many a sadness,
Shall I repine for that in outward, when views like these of the inward
Great me incessantly? Never; but trusting onward, still onward
Till the joyous life, and arrived at eternity's portal,
Find in a fearless Elysium, a vision by night unbelieved."

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By J. D. SMITH.
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Child of cunning art;
What is this in these mists,
Like a human heart,
Beating, beating, ceaselessly,
As thou wert part of me?

Whence hast thou thy life, thy being?
Say, can man alone
Give to thee this quick pulsation,
And that secret tone,
With such mystic meaning fraught
As the voice of infant thought?

Ah, thou art but lifeless matter,
Framed by human skill;
Yet to me a fitting emblem
Of the human will.
Striving, striving ceaselessly
To fulfill thy destiny.

Through the day's unrest and trial,
Through the night so long,
Thou dost ever teach this lesson
In thy measured throng,
Time is dying, and the close of life,
Constant till the close of life.

Supreme Court.
This body met at Washington, December 6. Present, Roger B. Taney, Chief Justice, John McLean, James M. Wayne, John Catron, Levi Woodbury, Robert C. Grier, Associate Justices.

Secretary of War's Report.
There is a good deal of tact and ability in this report. It is evident, that the Secretary knows how to handle his pen, and understands how to make a strong case. His report is certainly an able one.

Naturally we look to this report to see what is to be done in the future as regards Mexico.—The past we know. But the future—what of that? How are we to conduct or carry on the war hereafter.

The Secretary of War says:—
Our further operations must, in my opinion, be conducted in one of the three following modes. 1st. To take and hold an indemnity line; to recede from all places and positions now occupied in advance of it, and cease from all aggressive operations beyond that line.—2d. To overrun the whole country, and hold all the principal places in it by permanent garrisons. 3dly. To retain what we now possess, open the lines of communication into the interior, and extend our operations to other important places, as our means and the prospect of advantage shall indicate—keeping a disposable force always ready, within approachable limits, to annoy the enemy, to seize supplies, and to cut communications, and frustrate his efforts to collect means and assemble troops for the purpose of protracting the war.

The first, or line policy, Mr. Marcy objects to. He thinks it cannot be acted upon safely, or effectively. It will not lead to peace, and must thwart the very object we desire to accomplish.

The second, occupying the whole country, the Secretary regards almost an impossibility. It could only be done at an enormous expense, and by an enormous army. He puts down the men required at SEVENTY-THOUSAND! Hear him:—

Our posts must therefore be strong, and our forces numerous, in order to secure the many and long lines of communication, to disperse and chastise the guerrilla bands which would obstruct them, and to keep the more powerful uprising of the people wherever they may be attempted. I cannot safely estimate the force requisite to carry into full effect this plan, at less than seventy thousand men. To insure the presence of that number in the enemy's country, at places where they would be wanted, it would be necessary to raise a much larger force. The great expense of raising, organizing, and sending to the scene of operations, a large body of troops as soon as needed to give effect to this plan, would, I apprehend, bring a very heavy, and perhaps embarrassing, demand upon the treasury.

The third mode, retaining what we possess, the Secretary prefers. This he defends thus:—
The third mode presented is, in my judgment, preferable to the others. Beyond certain limits, long preceding that time a large concourse of people, many in carriages, had gathered on foot, had assembled at the out-skirts of the city to greet his coming. Hundreds, if not thousands, anxiously awaited his approach. His long and arduous captivity in a hostile country, and during that captivity the magnanimity he exhibited towards his fellow-sufferers who had less advantages, and the fact that he was decorated in any of the glorious victories which having crowned our arms in Mexico, altogether had awakened and enlisted the warmest sympathies of his fellow-citizens.

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Our posts must therefore be strong, and our forces numerous, in order to secure the many and long lines of communication, to disperse and chastise the guerrilla bands which would obstruct them, and to keep the more powerful uprising of the people wherever they may be attempted. I cannot safely estimate the force requisite to carry into full effect this plan, at less than seventy thousand men. To insure the presence of that number in the enemy's country, at places where they would be wanted, it would be necessary to raise a much larger force. The great expense of raising, organizing, and sending to the scene of operations, a large body of troops as soon as needed to give effect to this plan, would, I apprehend, bring a very heavy, and perhaps embarrassing, demand upon the treasury.

The third mode, retaining what we possess, the Secretary prefers. This he defends thus:—
The third mode presented is, in my judgment, preferable to the others. Beyond certain limits, long preceding that time a large concourse of people, many in carriages, had gathered on foot, had assembled at the out-skirts of the city to greet his coming. Hundreds, if not thousands, anxiously awaited his approach. His long and arduous captivity in a hostile country, and during that captivity the magnanimity he exhibited towards his fellow-sufferers who had less advantages, and the fact that he was decorated in any of the glorious victories which having crowned our arms in Mexico, altogether had awakened and enlisted the warmest sympathies of his fellow-citizens.

Minute guns were fired as he entered the city. After reaching the principal street, Capt. Clay, in behalf of the military, welcomed him home in a brief, eloquent and tasteful address, to which Capt. Clay, in appropriate and feeling terms, responded. Rev. S. T. TOW, Esq., who presided at the meeting of the citizens, who resolved to give to Capt. Clay the compliment of a public reception, then took the stand and delivered the gallant Capt. Clay, who met a warm response from the multitude which surrounded him.

After Mr. Todd concluded, the procession moved on to the residence of Capt. Clay, where they took leave of him.

The reception, however, ended not here. The friends of Capt. Clay had prepared for illuminating the large lawn which fronts his residence, and upon his invitation, our citizens, through his house and premises after dark, were an elegant supper was prepared for them, and after a friendly and cordial interchange of feeling and sentiment, the great mass of people quietly dispersed.

Steam and Steam Ships.
Boston, New York, New Orleans, are to be connected with Europe by a regular line of Steamers! This is making rapid progress. From Germany, from France, from Great Britain, semi-monthly messages are brought to us through this mighty agent.

Of the New York line, consisting of four new vessels, the Europe, Canada, Niagara, and America, one was to sail Dec. 19, from Liverpool to America it was the Pioneer.

A Bitter Poet.
The author of the following little poem on the watch has never seen the object for which he has no much affection. Ceaseless night reigns around him, but it is a light.

"Of cloudless climes and starry skies,"
The wings of night are so black to him, that they have become lustre; and his eyes beauty where those who have eyes see only gloom. A beautiful hazy-eyed poet Night by our friend was published in the Harbinger, from which we give the following extract:

"Tell me no longer that night, most beautiful birth of creation,
Aught can possess that gloomy, for darkness like light is from heaven.
Wondrous indeed are thy works, kind messenger, comfort-bestowing,
I am thy child, O Night; thy fond hand weaves material,
Guided and guided me still, through life's path devious and lonely;
O'er these eyes thou spreadest the veil of thy shadowy wings,
Shading them kindly from objects that dazzle but do not enlighten.
Yet hast thou opened within, deep sources of bliss without measure,
Borrowed from the immensity of thought, ever active in sweet contemplation,
Filling with images pleasing

EXCHANGE—Exchanges on N. York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Boston, up 1/2 prem. Tennessee Bank Notes 1/4 per cent discount; Indiana do 3/4 per cent discount; Ohio do 1/2 per cent discount; Virginia do 1/2 per cent discount; North and South Carolina do 1/4 per cent discount; Georgia do 1/4 per cent discount; New Orleans do 1/2 per cent discount; Mississippi do 1/2 per cent discount; Pennsylvania, New York, and other Eastern Notes, par to 1 per cent discount. *Large amounts of cash on hand.*

The Weyside Dream:

The deep and lordly Danube
 Goes winding far below ;—
 See the white walled hamlets
 Amidst his vineyards glow,
 And Southward, through the ether
 The Styrian hills of snow.

The showers of creamy blossoms
Are on the linen spray,
And down the clover meadow
They heap the scented hay,
And glad winds too the forest leaves
All the bright summer day.

Old playmates! bid me welcome
And bid my brother band!
Give me the old affection—
The glowing grasp of hand—
I worship no more the realms of old—
Here is my Fatherland!

Come hither, gentle maiden,
Who weep'st in tender joy!
The rapids of thy presence
Press me the power of joy,
And calms the wild and throbbing heart,
Which warms the wandering boy.

In many a mountain fastness—
By many a river's foam,
And through the gorgeous cities,
'Twas loneliness to roam,
For the sweetest of thy presence
Was the olden songs of home!

Ah! gien, and foaming brooklet,
And firsides, have vanished now!
The balmy Styrian breezes
Are blowing on my brow,
And sounds again the cuckoo's call
From the forest's inmost bough.

Veiled is the heart's glad vision—
The wings of fancy fold;
I rise and journey on
Thro' the valleys green and old,
Where the fair, white Alps reveal the moun-
And keep the sunsets' gold!

One of the most remarkable instances of the efficacy of music occurred during the celebrated Farinelli's visit to Spain. It was determined to try the effect of his astonishing powers on the king, who had a passion for music. He was then laboring under such a dejection of spirits, that all medical treatment, and every other pointed every effort made to divert his thoughts. Neither pleasure nor bustle could rouse him from the hopeless melancholy under which he labored. Utterly incapable of managing public affairs, or of enjoying domestic intercourse, he remained in a state of the most deplorable sadness and stupor. Farinelli was placed in a room adjoining that where the king sat; he sang some of his pathetic songs with all the captivating expression for which he was so remarkable. The queen anxiously watched the effect, and was disappointed. The king seemed surprised; and as he listened, he became affected, and tears forced their way, and his pent-up feelings gushed forth once more. Another song, and he ordered the attendance of the singer. Farinelli appeared; the king gave utterance to his delight and admiration, and desired him to say how he should reward him for the gratification which his wonderful talents had given. Farinelli, who had been directed how to act, only treated that his majesty would permit his attendants to dress him, and that he would be in council as usual. The king complied; his spirits returned; and thus Farinelli effected a cure in some moments which the best medical men in Spain, all the doctors and courtiers, and the anxious family, had vainly endeavored to bring about. This interesting anecdote naturally reminds us of the playing of David before Saul, when the evil spirit departed from the king, and he was well. To this very remarkable case, the beautiful lines of Cumberland, now almost forgotten, but worthy of being remembered, are appropriate. The last stanza runs thus:—

to Farinelli, he rose to the highest place at court; and, to his great credit, instead of being elated by an elevation so exciting to one of humble birth, he preserved a humility and simplicity which endeared him to the Spanish nobility, and won from them their esteem and confidence. The various anecdotes recounted of this gifted man, reflect as much honor on his disposition and character as they do on the genius that so eminently distinguished him. There was a most enchantment in his singing, the completely overcame Senesio, who was himself one of the finest singers. He and Farinelli had long wished to hear each other sing; the opportunity was at length afforded, and they were engaged to perform the same theatre. Senesio played the part of an inexorable tyrant, and Farinelli was his unhappy captive. When he appeared in chains, he sang with such exquisite pathos that Senesio forgot the cruel part he was to sustain; he begged for mercy, and threw his arms into Farinelli's arms, he begged for pardon. But this need not surprise, when we recollect that two hired assassins, who, it may be presumed, were not possessed of very tender feelings, when they were to fulfil their engagement to murder a

where, near the door of a church in Rotterdam, he was taking part in an oratorio which was so completely overcome by its pathos, that they not only abandoned their purpose, but confessed it to him, and warned him of his danger. The complete sympathy which music often exerts over the mind may be considered its greatest triumph. It need only allude to the *Ranz des Vaches* of the Swiss, and the *Lochaber no more* of the Scotch regiments. Its influence on the affections may be illustrated by an anecdote connected with a custom which is preserved among the Greeks. The young Greek often leaves his home for a foreign land, but never without grief. Fondly attached to the place of his birth, and to

The most simple music, or that which is hardly music at all, often finds its way to the very heart. It is said that Curran attributed his first impressions of eloquence and poetry to the wild chant of the Irish city, or funeral dirge. The memory of some of those strains, which have been often described as something unearthly, and resembling the melody of an Æolian harp, no doubt flitted across his mind, as he sat preparing himself for the defence of some client's life, as was his wont, with his violin in his hand, from which ever and anon he drew forth wild and plaintive sounds. It is customary with the improvisatori to sweep the chords of an instrument as they compare their verses, to aid their conceptions. Even the music of bells produces a powerful effect. Who does not feel his spirit lighten as he hears the merry chime of festive bells? Who does not feel a touch of awe as the death-bell tolls? The inhabitants of Limerick are proud of their cathedral bells; and well they may, for they are passing sweet. They boast that they were brought from Italy, and tell of their having occupied the skill of a clever young artist for some years. By the time he had manufactured them, their chime had taken such possession of his heart, that he resolved never to leave him; so that when he sold them to the prior of a convent, he removed to their neighborhood, that he might still hear their music: he hoped that they would toll his requiem. Troubles came—he lost his property—the convent was laid waste—the bells were taken away—and this grieved the artist more than any of his losses; he wandered over many of the countries of Europe, hoping to reach the spot where his bells might be. Years after they had been manufactured, it happened that, towards the close of spring, on a lovely evening, a vessel had anchored at some distance from Limerick, and a boat was seen to glide from its side along the Shannon. It had been hired by one of the passengers—the Italian artist—now grown old and gray. He was impatient to reach the city, to which he had traced his much-loved bells. As they rowed along the smooth waters, the steeple of the cathedral appeared in the distance above the surrounding buildings; the boatmen pointed it out to the stranger, as he sat in the stern; he fixed his eyes earnestly and fondly upon it. The boat glided on; but all at once, through the stillness of the hour, the peal from the sweet cathedral bells burst upon the air; the stranger crossed his arms upon his breast and leant back. The shore was reached; the face of the Italian was still turned towards the cathedral, but the spirit had fled, and the bells had tolled his requiem!

TOLERATION OF FOLLY.—I have observed one ingredient somewhat necessary in a man's composition towards happiness, which people of feeling would do well to acquire—a certain respect for the follies of mankind: for there are so many fools whom the opinion of the world entitles to regard, whom accident has placed in heights of which they are unworthy, that he who cannot restrain his contempt or indignation at the sight, will be too often quarrelling with the disposal of things to relish that share which is allotted to himself.—*Man of Feeling*.

Confront improper conduct, not by retaliation, but example.

PLEBEIAN HEROISM.—A great inundation having taken place in the north of Italy, owing to an excessive fall of snow in the Alps, followed by a speedy thaw, the river Adige, hurried off a bridge near Vienna, except the middle part, on which was the house of the tollgatherer or porter, and who, with his whole family, thus remained imprisoned by the waves, and in momentary danger of destruction. They were discovered from the banks stretching forth their hands, screaming and imploring succor, while fragments of the remaining arch were continually dropping into the water.—In this extreme danger, a nobleman, who was present, a Count Pulverini, I think, held out a purse of one hundred sequins as a reward to any adventurer who would take a boat and deliver this unhappy family.—But the risk was so great of being borne down by the rapidity of the stream, of being dashed against the fragment of the bridge, or of being crushed by the falling stones, that not one in the vast number of spectators had courage enough to attempt such an exploit. A peasant passing along was informed of the proposed reward. Immediately jumping into a boat, he, by strength of oars, gained the middle of the river, and brought the boat under the pile, and the whole family safely descended by means of a rope. "Courage," cried he, "now you are safe." By a still more strenuous effort, and great strength of arm, he brought the boat nearly ashore. "Brave fellow!" answered the Count, handing the purse to him, "here is the promised recompense." "I shall never expose my life for money," answered the peasant. "My labor is a sufficient livelihood for myself, my wife, and children. Give the purse to the poor family which have lost all."—[We are indebted to Horace Walpole for the preservation of this beautiful incident. He would have been entitled to much more of our gratitude, had he evinced the same anxiety to preserve the name of the illustrious peasant, as he has shown with regard to that of the nobleman who offered the reward. But the title and the gold had fully greater charms for him than the name of an obscure laborer.]

My Note Book.

SESOSTRIS, SEMIRAMIS, NINUS, &c.—These mighty names remain now only a small point, emerging a little above the ocean under which all their actions are buried. We can just descry, by the dying glimmer of ancient history, that that ocean is of blood.

The prohibition against being "lovers of pleasure," is itself a provision for pleasure—a security, to keep the fine sense of enjoyment from blunting.

From the Dublin University Magazine.
The Wake of the Absent.

The dismal yell and cypress tall
Wave o'er the churchyard lone,
Where the young warriors' fathers all
Beneath the funeral stone.
In holy ground our kindred sleep—
Oh, early lost! o'er thee
No sorrowing friend shall ever weep,
No stranger bend the knee.

Mo chuma, lora am !!
Hoarse dashing rolls the salt sea-wave
O'er our perished darling's grave.

The winds, the sullen deep that tore,
His death-song chanted loud—
The winds that flue the cliffed shore
Were all his burial shroud.

No friendly hand and holy dirge,
And long lament of love;
Around him reared the angry surge,
The waves screamed above.

Mo chuma, lora am !!
My grief would turn to rapture now,
Could I but touch that pallid brow.

The stream-borne bubbles soonest burst
That earliest lie the source—
The earliest buds are faded first
In the young woe's flower.

With guarded peace her senses creep,
By slow decay expire,
The young alone the aged weep,
The son alone the sire.

Mo chuma, lora am !!
That death a backward course should hold
To smite the young, and spare the old!

think would suit you. That's a remarkable slow one, to be sure, and likes a good deal of raking. 'Oh, I see,' I replied; 'the French bit of goods. No, thank you; they are all of them a great deal too gay by far to please me.' 'Well, mum, if that won't suit you,' he replied, 'what would you think of a nice Chinese? We've got a perfect beauty, I can assure you—just the very thing for you, mum—climb up anywhere, run all along the aere-railings, mum—crawl right over your back-garden door—then up the house into your drawing-room balcony—almost like a wild one, mum.' 'Like a wild one?' I almost shrieked, horror-struck at the idea of intrusting my sweet, little, helpless angel of a Kate to the care of a creature with any such extraordinary propensities. 'Too like a wild one for me. I don't want any such things about my house.' But if you object to their running about so much, mum,' he went on, 'its very easy to tie them up and give them a good trimming occasionally, and then you can keep them under as much as you please.' 'I don't want one,' I replied, 'that will require so much looking after, but one that you know could be trusted anywhere—especially as there will be a little baby to be taken care of.' 'A little baby! Oh! then, if that's the case, mum,' he had the impudence to say, 'I should think you had better have a month or one while you are about it.' 'A month or one!' I exclaimed, thinking he was referring to a second Mrs. Topsygeese, instead of a rose: 'what can you be thinking of! I tell you I don't want anything of the kind.' 'Yes, but I am sure you don't know how hardy they are, mum,' he added, quietly. 'I can give you my word, we've got one that's out now, mum, that were through all the severe frosts of last winter with nothing more than a bit of matting or a covering at night-time. Though, for the matter of that, almost all our monthlies are the same, and don't seem to care where they are put, for, really and truly I do think that they would go on just as well, mum, even if their beds were chock full of gravel.' I tell you I don't want anything of the kind.' I said, half offended at what (thanks to that blundering Mr. Dick Farden) I thought was only the man's impudence. I hope I've offended, mum,' he replied; 'but you see

A BRAZILIAN BREAKFAST AND HOME STEAD.—"At six in the morning coffee was brought in our room, and the day was considered as fairly commenced. We then took our guns, and found amusement in the woods until nearly eleven, which was the hour for breakfast. At this meal we never had coffee or tea, and rarely any vegetable except rice; but rich soups, and dishes of turtle, meat, fish, and peixão boiled in several forms of preparation, loaded the table. The Brazilian method of cooking becomes very agreeable when one has conquered his repugnance to a slight flavor of garlic and the turtle-oil used in every dish. The desert consisted of oranges, pacoas, and preserves. Puddings, unless of potato, are seldom seen, and pastry never, out of the city. Water was brought if we asked for it; but the usual drink was a light Lisbon wine. The first movement upon taking our place at the table, was for each to make a pile of salt and pepper upon his plate, which, mashed and liquefied by a little cold oil or gravy, was in a condition to receive the meat. As the cook could do in the centre, filled with farinha, whence every one could help himself with his own spoon, was always present. The remainder of the day was spent in preserving our birds, or, if convenient, in again visiting the forest. The dinner hour was between six and seven, and that meal was substantially the same as breakfast." The following picture of a country-house, in which much entertainment is to be had by all corners, is interesting—"This was the first described Brazilian country-house we had visited, and a description of it may not be uninteresting. It was of one story, covering a large area, and distinguished in front by a deep veranda. The frame of the house was of upright beams, crossed by small poles, well fastened together but without sepaw. A thick coat of clay entirely covered this both within and without, hardened by exposure into stone.—The floors were of the same hard material, and in front of the hammocks were spread broad reed mats, answering well the purpose of carpets. Few and small windows are necessary, as the inmates of the house pass most of the day in the open air, or in the veranda, where hammocks were suspended for lounging, or for the daily siesta. The roof was of palm thatch, beautifully made, like basket-work in neatness, and enduring for years. The dining-table stood in the back veranda, and long benches were placed by its sides as seats. Back of the house, and entirely distinct, was a covered shed used for the kitchen and other purposes. Any number of little negroes, of all ages and sizes, and all naked, were running about, clustering round the table as waiters, watching every motion with eyes expressive of fun and frolic, and as comfortably at home as could well be imagined.—Pigs, dogs, chickens, and ducks assumed the same privilege, notwithstanding the zealous efforts of one little negro, who seemed to have them in his special charge."—*ENWARD'S Voyage up the river Amazon.*

VALUES OF KNOWLEDGE.—Learning did not consist in the constitution of the mind not to be fixed or settled in the defects thereof, but to be capable and susceptible of growth and reformation. For the unlearned man knows not what it is to descend into himself, or to call himself to account; nor the pleasure that "suavisima vita, indices salutis, se fieri meliorem." ("Thy most pleasant life is to feel a consciousness of improvement every day.") The good parts he hath he will learn to show to the full, and use them dexterously, but not much to increase them; the faults he hath he will learn how to hide and color them, but not much to amend them; like an ill mower, that mows on still, and never whets his scythe. Whereas with the learned man it fares otherwise: he doth ever intermix the correction and amendment of his mind with the use and employment thereof. Nay further, in general and in sum, certain it is that "veritas" ("truth") and "bonitas" ("goodness") do differ but as the seal and the print; for truth prints goodness; and they be the clouds of error which descend in the storms of passions and perturbations.—**LORD BACON**

Advancement of Learning.

Certainly there is a somewhat divine in the silence of the fields, and in that which is experienced on the tops of high hills with the stars in sight. Such silence feels like the solemnity which the prophet Moses must have known when he was on the mount—a mortal waiting for the Lord God to speak.—**Martyria.**

UNWISE CHOICE.—A very fool is that chooses for beauty principally; his eyes are witty, but his soul is sensual; it is an band of affection to tie two hearts together by a little thread of red and white.—**Jeremy Taylor.**

An ungrateful man is detested by every one he hurts by his conduct, because it operates to throw a damp upon generosity, and he is regarded as the common injury of all those who stand in need of assistance.

The successes of intellectual effort are never so great as when aided by the affections that animate social converse.

hungry with white spots. These are the only changes in its color I have as yet observed, but I have seen others yellow; others, again, black, with yellow spots. It is said that each chameleon has ten different variations of color. There is to be seen here a light-brown lizard, called the blood-sucker, which is constantly running about the walls in the rooms. Whenever we take up a paper or a book, we are sure to find two or three cockroaches under it—not such cockroaches as you may see in England, but great ones three or four inches long. The grasshoppers come into the house in numbers, and grow to an uncommon size. You may hear them chirruping half a mile off. The ants, of which there are three sorts, are a great nuisance. Every house swarms with them, and unless the legs of tables, drawers, &c., are kept constantly standing in jars of water, they attack the dinner-clothes, and in fact everything they can reach. There is a very small red ant, whose bite causes a very hard red swelling, which continues very painful for some days. 2nd, a great black ant, about the size of an English wasp, which bites, but does not sting. 3d, the white ant, rather larger than the common English ant, which come in swarms, and in one night may devour a table or a shelf full of books. You cannot come down in the morning and find your books apparently all right, but no sooner do you touch them than they all crumble away to powder.—*Acland's Manners and Customs of India.*

Cervantes, Voltaire, Sterne, Swift, Fierling, Pope, Dryden, Paul Cordero, Burton, Anatomy of Melancholy, Grimm's Memoirs, Walpole's Letters, Chaucer, Shakspeare, Massinger, Jonson; very few modern books except Mr. Twiss's *Life of Lord Eldon*, Lord Campbell's *Lives of the Chancellors*, and one or two odd volumes of Carlyle and Dickens (evidently none of Barker's pet books). The lowest shelf was assigned to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. A splendid edition of Lucian, bound in vellum, and a good copy of Bayle's *Dictionnaire*, were the most remarkable. When Spread was glancing over this small library several growls were audible from an adjacent room, and Reynolds was continually passing and repassing, doing a number of petty things with the air of a man who had married a monarchy upon his shoulders; at length he seemed to be near the close of his duties as gentleman of the bed-chamber, and approaching Mr. Spread, intimated to him in a low, deferential tone that he might wish to see Mr. Barker in a few seconds.

"* * * Imagine a small, well-made man with a smart, compact figure, excessively erect, his action somewhat martial, his face grey, cold, peevish, critical, and contentious; a mouth small and sarcastic, a nose long and vulpine; complexion a pale red; hair stiff and silvery, and evidently deriving the severest discipline to which brains and comb could subject it, with a view to its impartial distribution on each side of the head, which was carried so high, and so such an air, that it was clear the organs of firmness, combativeness, and self-reliance were superbly developed. With the exception of a plain, but rich robe-de-chambre, his morning toilette was complete; trousers of shepherd's plaid, seemingly made by military tailor, and tightly strapped down over a pair of manifest Hobbs's double-breasted cashmere waistcoat, of what name I call the shawl pattern; the shirt-coat severely starched, and a little too exact above a cravat of dark blue silk, carefully folded, and tied with a simple, but an exact knot."—*The Bachelor of the Alban*

Wherever there is flattery, there is always a fool in the case; if the parasite is detected, it falls to his share; if he be not, to his whom he deludes.

THE SWEETEST PLEASURES.—A series of little services are commonly more pleasant in the aggregate than a solitary act of considerable beneficence. A fortune of small gains, slowly but surely accumulating, undoubtedly affords incomparably a greater delight than sudden riches, and a wife's tender expressions heard two or three times a day, amount at the end of the year to far more and sweeter happiness than election some high office by the united suffrages of the whole parish.—*Martynia*.

HAPPINESS is like manna; it is twice gathered in grains, and enjoyed every day; it will not keep; it cannot be accumulated; nor have we to go out of ourselves, into remote places to gather it, since it rains down from heaven, at our very doors, or rather within side us.—*Martynia*.

In this world, there is nothing of so great value as affection; and the most trifling expression of it, even though it be but a single word of endearment, is in the best pleasure a pleasant sound than that of gold pined.

AGRICULTURAL.

GOOD FARMING.—Here is the secret of good farming. You cannot take from the land more than you restore to it, some shape or other without ruining it, and so destroying your capital. Different soils may require different modes of treatment and cropping, but in every variety of soil these are the golden rules to attend to.—Drain until you find that the water that falls from heaven does not stagnate in the soil. Turn up the soil until you find that the sun and air can reach all parts of it. Turn up and till the land until you find that a loose powdery loam, that the sun and air readily passes through. Let now each occupy its place where a useful plant could possibly grow. Collect every scrap of manure that you can, whether liquid or solid. Let nothing on the farm go to waste. Put in your crops in the season which experience has shown to lead success in their growth, and to an enrichment and an improvement of the land. Give every plant room to spread its roots in soil, and leave in the air.

FATTENING POULTRY.—Some shut up their poultry in a close, dark place, and stuff them with dough made from Indian corn. Others give them a larger prison and feed them with grain, and corn mixed with the former. Others feed them run wherever they please, taking care that they shall eat no grass, and that they shall feed them well three times a day. This method

will not fat them so fast as the close confinement method, but to our mind it appears to be the best way to fatten them. The fowls, and the flesh will be likely to be more healthy.

A writer in the "Farmer's Library" recommends this as the best way to fatten them: they liberally eat sprouting grain, anon, with grain. "At night, before sleep, they should be fed with oat meal and skim milk."

The best and fattest turkeys that we raised, were allowed to run at large, and were fed with the hogs, with *barley*, *oats*, *maize*, and *pea meal* well mixed up with potatoes, peas, &c.

CUTTING SCIONS.—Scions may be cut from the twigs the leaves fall in autumn, until circulation ceases, and the sap is dried up in the spring. It is frequently the case that the winter affords favorable opportunities for collecting choice scions. When this is the case they should be carefully secured from the trees by cutting them off where the bark will be kept uniformly moist and cool. So numerous farmers undertake journeys, and perform excursions through regions celebrated for the abundance of their fruit, and to secure an opportunity of greatly enlarging their varieties, or of adding new and valuable species, which could not be otherwise conveniently obtained. Fruit raising is a lucrative branch of agriculture, and many farmers are busied more than it has yet received.—*Mrs. Culcutt*.

CUTTING OF TREES.—Trees had better be cut close to the ground, whether the lot is intended to grow up again, or to be cleared off. When there is a great depth of snow on the ground, it is difficult to cut trees closely to the ground, and we often see the stumps from two to three feet high, but we think sufficient if not generally taken to cut low. The best of the wood or timber is generally next to the stump. If the land is to be cleared, the pile of brushwood, &c. is to be cut close to the stump, if the lot is intended to grow up, the suckers, sprouts often come out on the sides or near the stump, and the winds often break them from the trunk, and the trees are thereby rendered useless. For course apply only to hardwood trees; resinous ones never start from the stump.—*Albany Farmer*.

HOW TO MAKE RUMS.—Take 7 eggs beaten; yeast milk $\frac{1}{2}$ pint; melted butter $\frac{1}{2}$ pint; yeast milk, sugar 3 oz.; and water 1 pint. Stir all together, and mix flour gradually added as will make a very light paste. Let rise before the fire for half an hour; add a little more flour; form the mass into cakes, and bake in a moderate oven, four wide, and bake moderately. When cold, then into slices the size of runks, and put them into the oven again to brown a little. Make a nice tea-cake when hot; and when cold, add a cake of yeast. It is good cold.—*Am. Cultivator*.